The World

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A GREAT RECORD.

Susan B. Anthony

Escorted by forty members of Parliament, a delegation of 400 woman suffragists called on the British Prime Minister in London to urge that women be allowed to vote.

To realize this demonstration in its proper perspective, imagine forty Congressmen conducting 400 American woman suffragists down Pennsylvania avenue to interview the President! It is easy to agree with Premier Campbell Bannerman that "woman's cause has made enormous strides in England in recent years."

Here, where the movement began, the agitation for the ballot for women has measurably flagged during the past decade. Many of the pioneers are gone. Are their successors content with the ground gained? Women now vote on school questions in some twenty-five States. In Kansas they have municipal suffrage.

But in the matter of full suffrage what progress are they making? It is nearly forty years since Wyoming was won and from ten to thirteen years since Utah, Idaho and Colorado capitulated. What State are they now investing with any hope of success? Where is the spirit of Susan B. Anthony, who underwent arrest for her vote in 1872?

Has it crossed the seas? Not only in England, but in the British dominions everywhere, in New Zealand, Australia, Canada, the champions of women's rights are most alert and active.

It is not quite sixty years since the first convention of woman suffragists was held, in Seneca Falls, N. Y. What a transformation was begun in that village hall! Woman was then to be found in the drawing-room, the school-room, in a relatively few instances in the Massachusetts mills.

Where is she now not to be found? What field of activity has she not invaded? But is she to sit in Parliament before she sits in Congress?

BY THE OLD RULES.

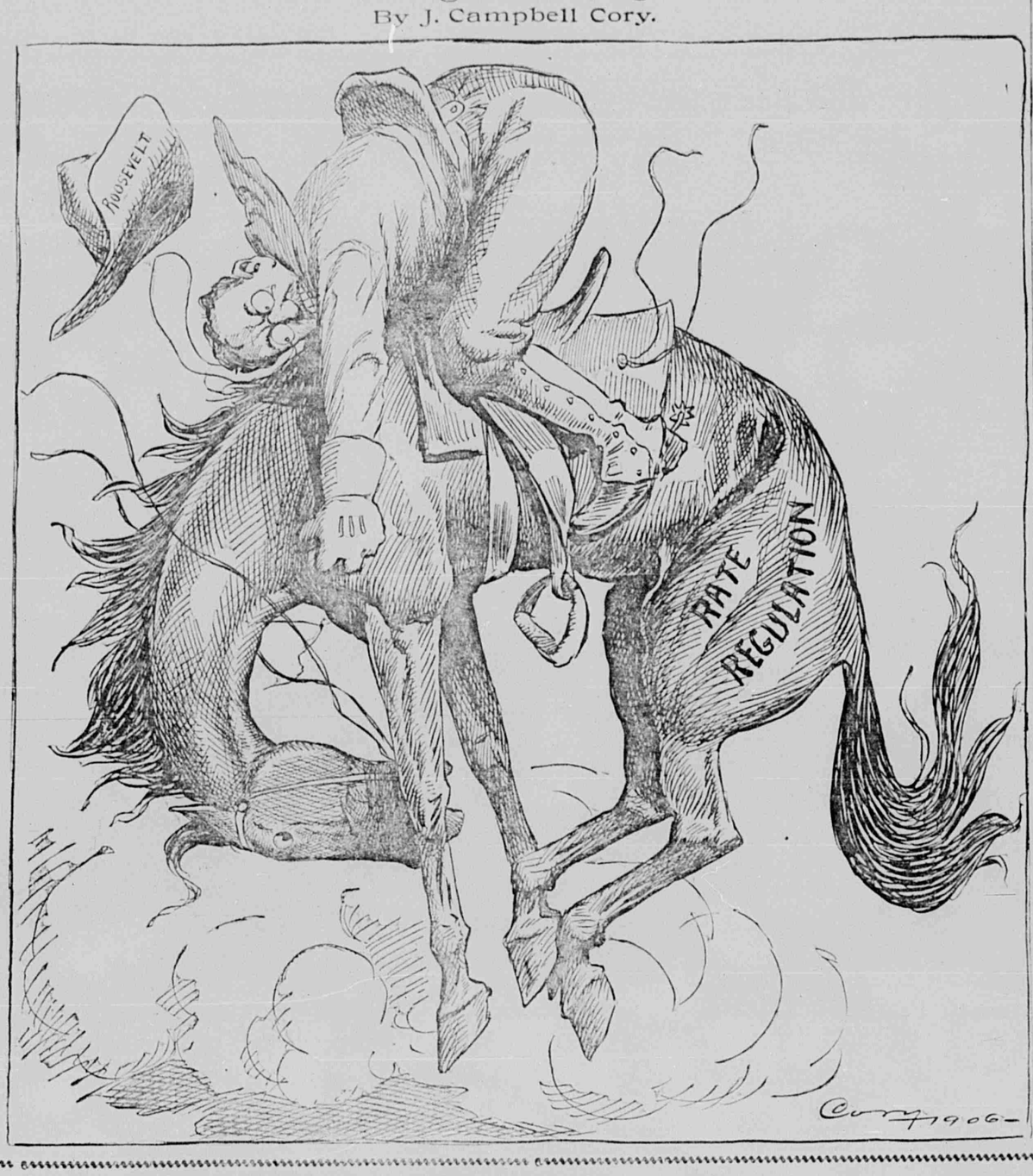
Judge Arthur A. Chetlain, a Chicago capitalist who has suffered large losses in gold and lead mining ventures, in deals with oil companies and other financial transactions, calls himself "Chicago's easiest mark."

He seems to have had only himself to blame for his lack of success. Were there no railroads running to these gold and lead mines? Were there no division superintendents or car distributors who would have made things hum in return for a block of stock? Were there no presidents or general managers to grant rebates to his oil companies for a consideration?

Judge Chetlain has been blind to his opportunities. He is like the man in the Bible who wrapped his talent up in a napkin. He has tried to play the game according to its discarded rules. Co-operation's the thing now. Let a railroad man in, arouse a legislator's interest, make it worth while for a public official or two and the rest is easy. In combination there is strength. It is the man who fails to adapt himself to the new requirements and follows old-fashioned methods who comes to grief.

Rough Riding.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 27.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, the Republican Who Was a Democrat.

"I HAVE left public life forever. The remainder of my days shall be devoted to farming."

Thus wrote Thomas Jefferson, in 1794, when he resigned his post as Washington's Secretary of State, not dreaming that fifteen of the fullest, most illustrious years of his whole career still lay before him.

A farmer who was born to statesmanship; a Revolutionist who never drew the sword; a slave holder who declared all men to be equal and entitled to liberty; a Republican who was a Democrat—these are but a few of the countless paradoxes in one of the strangest and greatest men America has ever produced.

First Services to His Country.

A giant in stature, red-haired, freckled, bony of face, big of hand and foot, Jefferson was in his earlier public career the typical farmer-statesman. Later politics engrossed all his time; but he ever held to his one cherished ideal in life: to have done with statesmanship and end his days as a Virginia planter. But forty-four years of active service for his country were to elapse before that reward was won.

Young, rich, already famous, he threw over all the bright prospects offered by law and land in 1774 to work for the freedom of the colonies. In consequence he was almost at once proclaimed a traitor by England. He was elected to Congress on the very day Washington was appointed commander of the army, was chosen from among a score of older and more experienced men to write the Declaration of Independence; and (while serving on the committee appointed to devise a national seal) suggested the now immortal motto: "E Pluribus Unum."

Jefferson's most active service during the Revolution was when, in 1779, he succeeded Patrick Henry as Governor of Virginia, and did much to strengthen the patriot cause by sending provisions to Gates's hungry Carolina army. In 1783 he was again in Congress, where, as Chairman of the Committee on Currency, he was instrumental in giving the country its present decimal coinage system. He even went further, and tried in vain to make the country adopt a decimal basis for all weights and measures.

He followed Franklin as Ambassador to France in 1785, and four years later became Washington's Secretary of State, at the princely salary of $3,500 a year, all other members of the Cabinet receiving but $3,000. New York City, with a population of barely 33,000, was at that time the seat of national government. Jefferson took a house at No. 57 Maiden lane.

Then it was that patriotic American statesmanship first degenerated into mere politics. Difference of opinion is the only thing that makes a horse-race interesting. Presumably it has the same effect on government. For, even thus early in the nation's history, two strong political parties had sprung into life—the Federals and the Republicans. The Federals were the faction that had originally favored the Constitution. They leaned strongly toward a limited monarchy and considered a Republican form of government a mere temporary expedient. The Republicans, on the contrary, with Jefferson as their acknowledged leader, declared a republic to be the highest and only righteous governmental form, and held to the motto: "The will of the Majority is the natural law of all Society."

Jefferson, head of the Republicans, and Alexander Hamilton, mouthpiece of the Federals, repeatedly clashed while in the Cabinet together, and party lines drew daily more tense. Jefferson resigned in 1794 and once more sought to forget public life in the calm routine of farming. But the Republicans would not permit this. They induced him to run for President in 1796 against the arch-Federal, John Adams. Adams was elected, and, by the law of those times, Jefferson, the defeated candidate, became Vice-President. In 1800 Jefferson and Aaron Burr were tied for the Presidency, Congress finally giving the office to Jefferson.

Era of "Jeffersonian Simplicity."

And now set in the famous era of "Jeffersonian Simplicity." The new President's first act was to get rid of all the semi-royal forms that had crept into the executive etiquette. He abolished the solemn weekly levees, the laws of precedence and all unnecessary ostentation and expense. He even refused to open Congress with a speech, as was the custom (borrowed from England); but sent that body a message instead. He reduced the navy by putting all but six vessels out of commission, and sent these six to the Mediterranean to overawe the Barbary pirates who preyed on Yankee commerce.

In 1803, knowing Napoleon's need for war-funds, Jefferson sent James Munroe to negotiate the purchase from France of Gallic possessions in North America. France held Louisiana and all the vast unknown territory west of the Mississippi. Jefferson bought the entire tract for $15,000,000 ($5,000,000 less than we paid for the Philippines). This was the most important territorial purchase in the history of the world.

England, soon after, threatened American rights. By rare diplomacy Jefferson averted war and won redress for the injury.

In 1807 he retired at last to the long-desired and hard-earned private life which he was destined to enjoy for the next seventeen years. But public service had left him practically bankrupt, and it was feared that he would be arrested for debt before he could leave Washington. Thanks to the generosity of friends, he was enabled to satisfy his most pressing creditors and to pass his last days in moderate comfort.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Chilcote, member of Parliament, has wrecked his constitution and endangered a promising political career by secret use of morphia. He believes no one guesses his addiction to the habit. He has grown careless in matters of statesmanship, irritable and absent-minded, and even neglects his beautiful young wife, Eve, who is a former ward of Frulda, his party leader in Parliament. One night, returning late from the House, Chilcote is lost in a fog and collides with another man. The two fall into conversation, and it develops that the stranger is John Loder, an unsuccessful, but ambitious writer. A match is struck to light a cigarette, and the two men, to their mutual amazement, discover that each is, in appearance, the exact double of the other. Each feels as if he were looking into a mirror. Next day Chilcote calls on Lady Ashrupp, a flighty, beautiful woman, who has a faculty of amusing him. She tells him the plot of a novel she has just read, which deals with the adventures of two women who take advantage of a strong physical resemblance to change places in the world. In his nerve-wracked condition Chilcote is strangely impressed with the idea. He visits Loder and makes the following remarkable proposition: Chilcote at times finds public life unbearable and longs for privacy and seclusion wherein he may revel undetected in morphia. He asks that at such times Loder will impersonate him in Parliament and elsewhere, and allow Chilcote to remain a recluse in Loder's rooms. When the fit of solitude is over Chilcote will summon Loder and they will change places once more. Chilcote, going home and Loder remaining in his shabby lodgings. Loder at first refuses, but, urged by political longings, at length accepts. Chilcote has a reputation for moodiness which will enable Loder to avoid the former's friends. Chilcote also explains that as his wife and he only meet as strangers and on rare occasions Eve cannot discover the deception. Three weeks later Chilcote again visits Loder to tell him that the time has come for the agreed substitution.

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CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

AGAIN Loder was silent; then he smiled. "You have an oddly correct perception at times," he said, "I suppose I have had a lame sort of pride in keeping my name clean. But pride like that is out of fashion—and I've got to float with the tide." He laughed, the short laugh that Chilcote had heard once or twice before, and, crossing the room, he stood beside his visitor. "After all," he said, "what business have I with pride, straight or lame? Have my identity if you want it. When all defenses have been broken down one barrier won't save the town." Laughing again he laid his hand on the other's arm. "Come," he said, "give your orders. I capitulate."

An hour later the two men passed from Loder's bedroom, where the final arrangements had been completed, back into the sitting-room. Loder came first in faultless evening dress. His hair was carefully brushed, the clothes he wore fitted him perfectly. To any glance, critical or casual, he was the man who had mounted the stairs and entered the rooms earlier in the evening. Chilcote's manner of walking and poise of the head seemed to have descended upon him with Chilcote's clothes. He came into the room hastily and passed to the desk.

"I have no private papers," he said, "so I have nothing to lock up. Everything can stand as it is. A woman named Robins comes in the mornings to clean up and light the fire; otherwise you must shift for yourself. Nobody will disturb you. Quiet, dead quiet, is about the one thing you can count on."

Chilcote, half halting in the doorway, made an attempt to laugh. Of the two he was noticeably the more embarrassed. In Loder's well-worn, well-brushed tweed suit he felt stranded on his own personality, bereft for the moment of the familiar accessories that helped to cloak deficiencies and keep the wheel of conventionality comfortably rolling. He stood unpleasantly conscious of himself, unable to shape his sensations even in thought. He glanced at the fire, at the table, finally at the chair on which he had thrown his overcoat, before entering the bedroom. At the sight of the coat his gaze brightened, the aimlessness forsook him and he gave an exclamation of relief.

"By Jove!" he said. "I clean forgot."

"What?" Loder looked round.

"The rings." He crossed to the coat and thrust his hand into the pocket. "The duplicates only arrived this afternoon. The nick of time, eh?" He spoke fast, his fingers searching busily. Occupation of any kind came as a boon.

Loder slowly followed him, and as the box was brought to light he leaned forward interestedly.

"As I told you, one is the copy of an old signet ring, the other a plain band—a plain gold band like a wedding ring." Chilcote laughed as he placed the four rings side by side on his palm. "I could think of nothing else that would be wide—and not ostentatious. You know how I detest display."

Loder touched the rings. "You have good taste," he said. "Let's see if they serve their purpose?" He picked them up and carried them to the lamp.

Chilcote followed him. "That was an ugly wound," he said, his curiosity reawakening as Loder extended his finger. "How did you come by it?"

The other smiled. "It's a memento," he said. "Of bravery?"

"No. Quite the reverse." He looked again at his hand, then glanced back at Chilcote. "No," he repeated with an unusual impulse of confidence, "it serves to remind me that I am not exempt—that I have been fooled like other men."

"That implies a woman?"

"Yes." Again Loder looked at the scar on his finger. "I seldom recall the thing, it's so absolutely past. But I rather like to remember it tonight. I rather want you to know that I've been through the fire. It's a sort of guarantee."

Chilcote made a hasty gesture, but the other interrupted it.

"Oh, I know you trust me. But you're giving me a risky post. I want you to see that women are out of my line—quite out of it."

"But, my dear chap"——

Loder went on without heeding. "This thing happened eight years ago at Santasalare," he said, "a little place between Luna and Pistoria—a mere handful of houses wedged between two hills. A regular relic of old Italy crumbling away under flowers and sunshine, with nothing to suggest the present century except the occasional passing of a train round the base of one of the hills. I had literally stumbled upon the place on a long tramp south from Switzerland and had been tempted into a stay at the little inn. The night after my arrival something unusual occurred. There was an accident to the train at the point where it skirted the village.

"There was a small excitement; all the inhabitants were anxious to help, and I took my share. As a matter of fact, the smash was not disastrous; the passengers were hurt and frightened, but nobody was killed."

He paused and looked at his companion, but seeing him interested went on:

"Among these passengers was an English lady. Of all concerned in the business she was the least upset. When I came upon her she was sitting on the shattered door of one of the carriages calmly rearranging her hat. On seeing me she looked up with the most charming smile imaginable.

"'I have just been waiting for some one like you,' she said. 'My stupid maid has got herself smashed up somewhere in the second-class carriages, and I have nobody to help me find my dog.'

"Of course that first speech ought to have enlightened me, but it didn't. I only saw the smile and heard the voice; I knew nothing of whether they were deep or shallow. So I found the maid and found the dog. The first expressed gratitude; the other didn't. I extricated him with enormous difficulty from the wreck of the luggage van, and this was how he marked his appreciation." He held out his hand and nodded toward the scar.

Chilcote glanced up. "So that's the explanation?"

"Yes. I tried to conceal the thing when I restored the dog, but I was bleeding abominably and I failed. Then the whole business was changed. It was I who needed seeing to, my new friend insisted; I who should be looked after and not she. She forgot the dog in the newer interest of my wounded finger. The maid, who was practically unhurt, was sent on to engage rooms at the little inn, and she and I followed slowly.

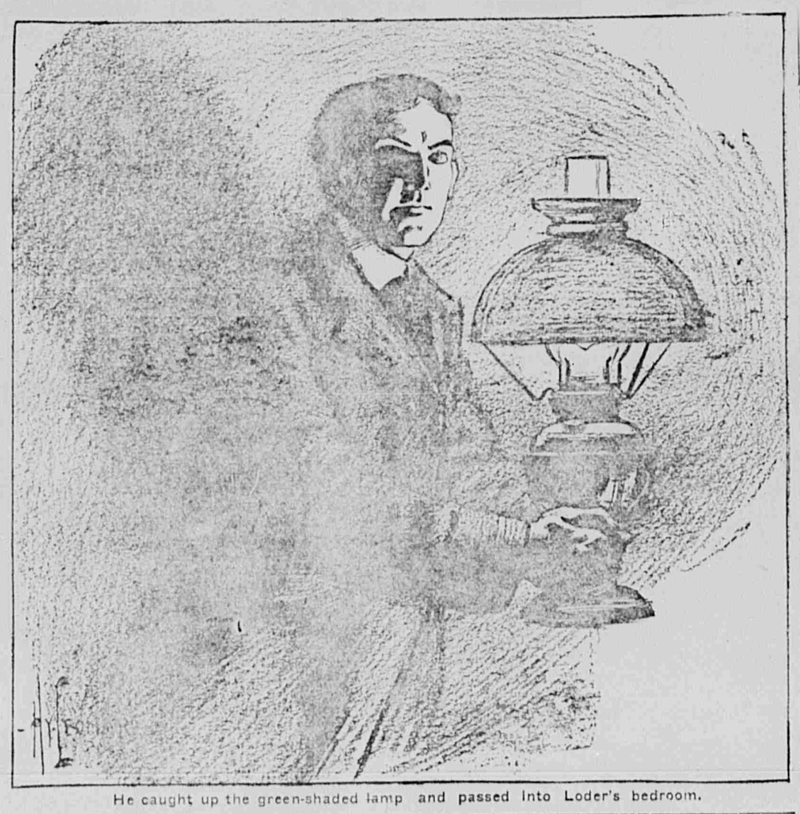
"That walk impressed me. There was an attractive mistiness of atmosphere in the warm night, a sensation more than attractive in being made much of by a woman of one's own class and country after five years' wandering." He laughed with a touch of irony. "But I won't take up your time with details. You know the progress of an ordinary love affair. Throw in a few more flowers and a little more sunshine than is usual, a man who is practically a hermit and a woman who knows the world by heart and you have the whole thing.

"She insisted on staying in Santasalare for three days in order to keep my finger bandaged; she ended by staying three weeks in the hope of smashing up my life.

"On coming to the hotel she had given no name, and in our first explanations to each other she led me to conclude her an unmarried girl. It was at the end of the three weeks that I learned that she was not a free agent, as I had innocently imagined, but possessed a husband whom she had left ill with malaria at Florence or Rome.

"The news disconcerted me, and I took no pains to hide it. After that the end came abruptly. In her eyes I had become a fool with middle-class principles. In my eyes—— But there is no need for that. She left Santasalare the same night in a great confusion of trunks and hat boxes, and next morning I strapped on my knapsack and turned my face to the south."

"And women don't count ever after?" Chilcote smiled, beguiled out of himself.



He caught up the green-shaded lamp and passed into Loder's bedroom.

Loder laughed. "That's what I've been trying to convey. Once bitten twice shy!" He laughed again and slipped the two rings over his finger with an air of finality.

"Now shall I start? This is the latchkey?" He drew a key from the pocket of Chilcote's evening clothes. "When I get to Grosvenor Square I am to find your house, go straight in, mount the stairs, and there on my right hand will be the door of your—I mean my own—private rooms. I think I've got it all by heart. I feel inspired; I feel that I can't go wrong." He handed the two remaining rings to Chilcote and picked up the overcoat.

"I'll stick on till I get a wire," he said. "Then I'll come back and we'll reverse again." He slipped on the coat and moved back toward the table. Now that the decisive moment had come it embarrassed him. Scarcely knowing how to bring it to an end he held out his hand.

Chilcote took it, paling a little. "'Twill be all right!" he said with a sudden return of nervousness. "'Twill be all right! And I've made it plain about—about the remuneration? A hundred a week—besides all expenses."

Loder smiled again. "My pay? Oh, yes, you've made it clear as day. Shall we say good night now?"

"Yes. Good night."

There was a strange, distant note in Chilcote's voice, but the other did not pretend to hear it. He pressed the hand he was holding, though the cold dampness of it repelled him.

"Good night," he said again.

"Good night."

They stood for a moment awkwardly looking at each other, then Loder quietly disengaged his hand, crossed the room and passed through the door.

Chilcote, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened while the last sound of the other's footsteps was audible on the uncarpeted stairs; then, with a furtive, harried gesture he caught up the green-shaded lamp and passed into Loder's bedroom.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO all men come portentous moments, difficult moments, triumphant moments. Loder had had his examples of all three, but no moment in his career ever equalled in strangeness of sensation that in which, dressed in another man's clothes, he fitted the latchkey for the first time into the door of the other man's house.

The act was quietly done. The key fitted the lock smoothly and his fingers turned it without hesitation, though his heart, usually extremely steady, beat sharply for a second. The hall loomed massive and sombre despite the modernity of electric lights. It was darkly and expensively decorated in black and brown; a frieze of wrought bronze, representing peacocks with outspread tails, ornamented the walls; the banisters were of heavy ironwork, and the somewhat formidable fireplace was of the same dark metal.

Loder looked about him, then advanced, his heart again beating quickly as his hand touched the cold banister and he began his ascent of the stairs. But at each step his confidence strengthened, his feet became more firm, until, at the head of the stairs, as if to disprove his assurance, his pulses played him false once more, this time to a more serious tune. From the further end of a well-lighted corridor a maid was coming straight in his direction.

For one short second all things seemed to whiz about him; the certainty of detection overpowered his mind. The indisputable knowledge that he was John Loder and no other, despite all armor of effrontery and dress, so dominated him that all other considerations shrank before it. It wanted but one word, one simple word of denunciation, and the whole scheme was shattered. In the dismay of the moment he almost wished that the word might be spoken and the suspense ended.

But the maid came on in silence, and so incredible was the silence that Loder moved onward too. He came within a yard of her, and still she did not speak; then as he passed her she drew back respectfully against the wall.

The strain, so astonishingly short, had been immense, but with its slackening came a strong reaction. The expected humiliation seethed suddenly to a desire to dare fate. Passing quickly he turned and called the woman back.

The spot where he had halted was vividly bright, the ceiling light being directly above his head, and as she came toward him he raised his face deliberately and waited.

She looked at him without surprise or interest. "Yes, sir?" she said.

"Is your mistress in?" he asked. He could think of no other question, but it served his purpose as a test of his voice.

Still the woman showed no surprise. "She's not in, sir," she answered. "But she's expected in half an hour."

"In half an hour? All right! That's all I wanted." With a movement of decision Loder walked back to the stair-head, turned to the right and opened the door of Chilcote's rooms.

The door opened on a short, wide passage; on one side stood the study, on the other the bed, bath and dressing rooms. With a blind sense of knowledge and familiarity, bred of much description on Chilcote's part, he put his hand on the study door and, still exalted by the omen of his first success, turned the handle.

Inside the room there was firelight and lamplight and a studious air of peace. The realization of this and a slow incredulity of Chilcote's voluntary renunciation were his first impressions; then his attention was needed for more imminent things.

As he entered, the new secretary was returning a volume to its place on the book-shelves. At sight of him, he pushed it hastily into position and turned round.

"I was making a few notes on the political position of Khorasan," he said, glancing with slight apprehensiveness at the other's face. He was a small, shy man, with few social attainments but an extraordinary amount of learning—the antithesis of the alert Blessington, whom he had replaced.

Loder bore his scrutiny without flinching. Indeed, it struck him suddenly that there was a fund of interest, almost of excitement, in the encountering of each new pair of eyes. At the thought he moved forward to the desk.

"Thank you, Greening," he said. "A very useful bit of work."

The secretary glanced up, slightly puzzled. His endurance had been severely taxed in the fourteen days that he had filled his new post.

"I'm glad you think so, sir," he said, hesitatingly. "You rather pooh-poohed the matter this morning, if you remember."

(To Be Continued.)